

## Father Rumble

### FATHER RUMBLE 5115 A2

Bill Jackson Arvin, 1941

Father Rumble he did say As sure as moss grew round the tree That he could do more work in a day Than his wife could do in three, three That he could do more work in a day Than his wife could do in three.

Mother Rumble she did say You may try it now, now You go work in the house And I'll go follow the plow, plow You go work in the house And I'll go follow the plow.

Don't forget the crock of cream That sets up in the frame, frame, And don't forget the fat in the pot Or it'll all fly into flame, flame, Don't forget the fat in the pot Or it'll all fly into flame.

Don't forget the speckled hen The egg that lay way, way, And don't forget the ball of yarn That I spun yesterday, day Don't forget the ball of yarn That I spun yesterday, day.

Don't forget the muley cow For fear that she run dry, dry, Don't forget the little pig That lies up in the sty, sty, Don't forget the little pig That lies up in the sty.

He went to churn the crock of cream That set up in the frame, frame He forgot the fat in the pot And it all flew into flame, flame, He forgot the fat in the pot And it all flew into flame.

He went to watch the speckled hen The egg that she lay way, way He forgot the ball of yarn That she spun yesterday, day He forgot the ball of yarn That she spun yesterday.

### FATHER RUMBLE 5115 A2

## Library of Congress

He went to milk the muley cow Afraid that she'd run dry, dry She run, she ripped, she jumped, she kicked, She kicked him over the eye, eye She run, she ripped, she jumped, she kicked, She kicked him over the eye.

He went to feed the little pig That lie up in the sty, sty, He bumped his head against the beam And the brains began to fly, fly He bumped his head against the beam And the brains began to fly.

Father Rumble he got up A-lookin' very sad, sad Mother Rumble clapped her hands And said that she were glad, glad, Mother Rumble clapped her hands And said that she were glad.